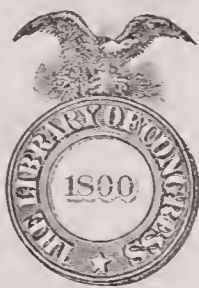


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# ART GLIMPSES METHODISM

Part I.

IN TWENTY PARTS.



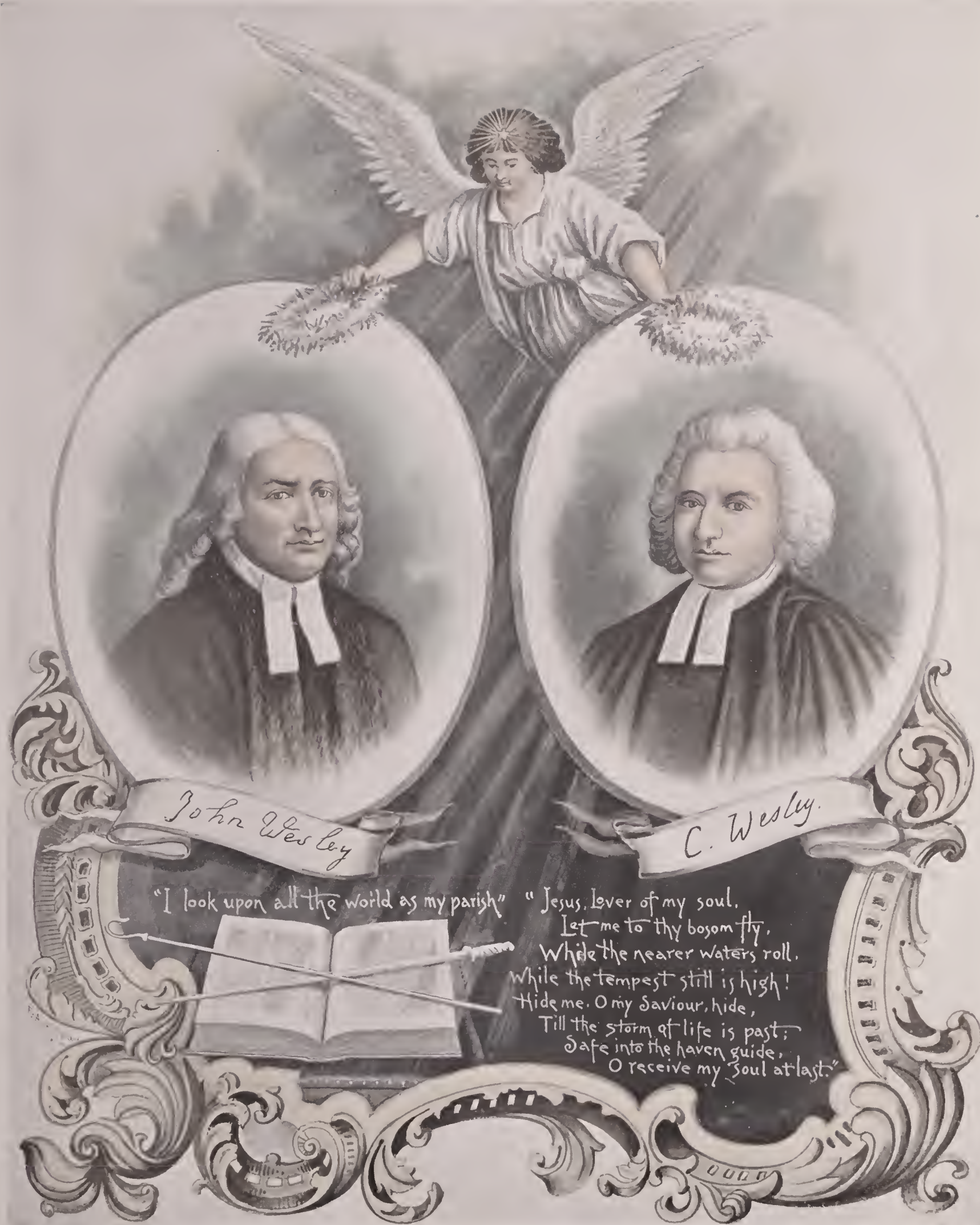
TEXT BY DR. A. B. HYDE, DENVER, COLO.  
WITH INTRODUCTORIES BY  
BISHOPS JOHN H. VINCENT & E. E. R. HENDRIX  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. FILLEAU  
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John Wesley

C. Wesley.

"I look upon all the world as my parish"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my Soul at last."



ART GLIMPSES  
...OF...  
METHODISM  
IN TWENTY PARTS

SHOWING THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND PROGRESS OF THAT GREATEST OF  
RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS, WHICH HAS, WITHIN A CENTURY'S TIME,  
ENCIRCLED THE GLOBE WITH STEEPLES, AND MADE ITS  
CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE FELT IN EVERY  
CIVILIZED LAND

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TEXT BY A. B. HYDE, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER; MEMBER OF PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, OF AMERICAN  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. FILLEAU  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



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PUBLISHED BY  
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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## ART GLIMPSES OF METHODISM.

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That revival of Christian life, some aspects of which this work is to present, was not now seen for the first time on the soil of England. In the name and form which we know, it rose a century and a half ago. It came to its place to stay in the freshness of a perpetual morning, through which the Sun of Righteousness sheds beams of healing upon a weary and suffering world. But this day-spring from on high had its forerunners, of which each had its hour of ascendancy over the darkness and struggle of its time. Six hundred years after Gregory the Great had sent Augustine to begin at Canterbury the conversion of heathen England, and Bertha, like Lydia at Philippi, had swung wide for her people the Gospel door; four hundred years after Theodore had framed for the English Church its abiding system of parish, cathedral, and diocese; gloom, loss, and disorder had come upon the land, and religion was waning rapidly.

Then arose Francis of Assisi, in Italy, a man saintly, loving, and sincere, whose simple preaching called the people to repentance. His zeal, like Wesley's, inspired thousands to live his life and do his work. His itinerants, clad (to our day) like John the Baptist, asked but food and shelter. They gave themselves to the poor, the sick, the prisoner. They preached in language "understanded of the people" at street corners and in market-places. Blameless and harmless, loving and self-denying, they made Christianity a new life in the land, rising from the lowest through all grades of English life. Alas! in twenty-five years the Franciscans, the Wesleyans of their period, by applause, wealth, and power suddenly coming, were beguiled, and their light went out in darkness.



Another revival came. John Wiclif, the first Protestant, the founder of English prose, after putting the Bible into the English tongue, had, in his church service at Lutterworth, been struck by the air-drawn dagger of paralysis, and on the last day of 1384 good men carried him to his burial and made great lamentation over him. He had formed companies of "simple preachers," who, in rude dress and plain speech, read his Bible and spoke of Christ to the common people. Called Lollards, "Babblers," in contempt, they carried comfort and blessing far and wide until "every second man was a Lollard." Then Henry IV. let loose upon these good men and women the fierce wrath of the Church, and Sawtree, a clergyman, was the first to burn, shedding on English air a taint unsmelt since the far-off days of the Druids. Lollardism was trodden out in blood, and the new life perished.

Eleven hundred years after Augustine and three hundred after Wiclif, religion in England was again in sore need of revival. There had been enough of churchly struggle. Latimer and Ridley had been burned at Oxford, and the granite slab at Smithfield, now the great market in the heart of London, tells of martyrs whose better record is on high. Cromwell, second to no English ruler, broken with public care and private sorrow, had breathed out his life in prayer for "the glory of Christ in the land," while the gale that at his death wrecked shipping, town, and forest seemed to tell of worse not far away.

The Pilgrims had planted the faith in New England, and saintly men—Baxter and Howe and Owen and Bunyan, whose tombs make Bunhill Cemetery venerable—were standing for Christ at home. But no Friends or Baptists or Dissenters developed men of religious force enough to change or divert the tide of the time.

In the Established Church the case was worse. Charles II.,







“the Merry,” was heartless and immoral; fashion and rank followed in his train. Philosophers admired “the noble savage” in his “state of nature,” and literature became carnal and frivolous. “Tom Jones,” then wildly popular, has in our day been forbidden to circulate.

When now “ruin hangs over the Church,” “all Christianity is banished and despised” (so groaned surviving believers): when all seems sinking in darkness and decay, the living God was training for Himself a family and a character through whom He might open a gate of mercy upon England and mankind.



## THE EARLY WESLEYS.

ONE of them is dimly seen four hundred years before John Wesley began his work. A caliph of Bagdad had, a thousand years ago, hired from beyond the Caspian fifty thousand Tartar horsemen. From these came the Turks of to-day. They were now in Asia Minor, threatening Europe. The Western kings proposed a crusade against them, and Edward III. promised to join these. His wars in France hindered this, but Englishmen went as volunteers, and among them a Wesley (1340) gave his life for the safety of Christendom with the self-devotion so marked in later generations.

Early in the seventeenth century Sir Herbert Wesley of Westleigh, whose wife was a Wellesley of Ireland, sent to Oxford University his son Bartholomew. This son, though impassioned for medicine, became a clergyman and a Puritan. On King Charles's return he was exiled from his parish of Charmouth, and by the Five Mile Act forbidden to come near his loving people. His medical skill then served him well.

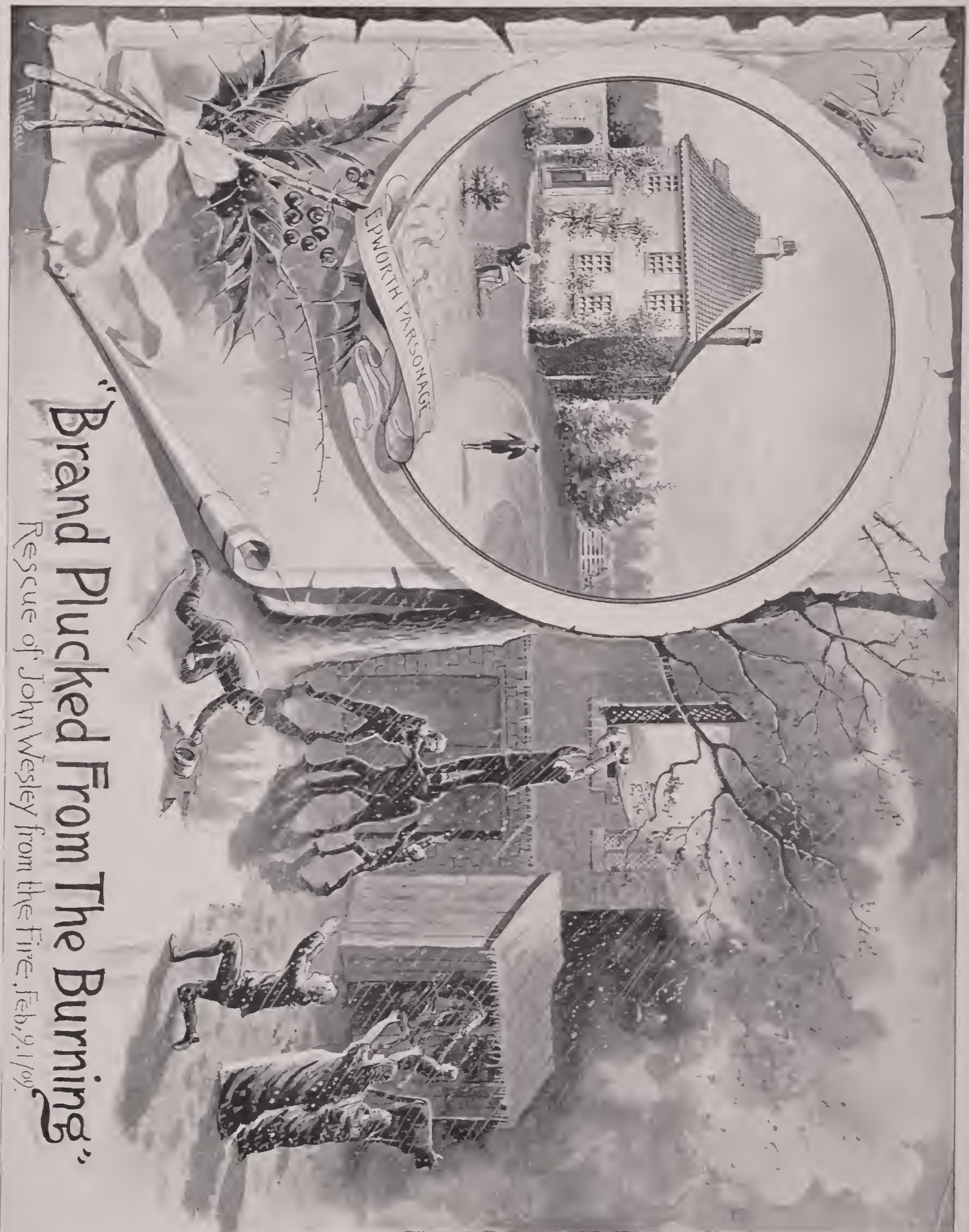
John Wesley, his son, was born in 1636. At Oxford he was second to none in the "bright succession" of his family, and with his learning went a deep-toned piety. He was not ordained; he reckoned himself called not to the office but to the work of the ministry, and White Church, Winterbourne, invited him as pastor. Dr. Ironside, Bishop of Bristol, summoned him for preaching without ordination. He told the Bishop his convictions, his labors, and their results. "I will not meddle with you," said the Bishop.

But the good man was to taste a cup of bitterness. He was heavily fined; was four times imprisoned; was driven from place to place; was supported by the gifts of loving Christians; and at the age of forty-two laid down the burden of the flesh and passed from suffering into peace. His father bent in sorrow over his grave in Preston churchyard, to-day a nameless grave. All this was for conscience' sake, a conscience which his sons and grandsons never shared. To them the Book of Common Prayer was joy and strength; to him it was abomination.

Of his four sons, Matthew became a London physician; Samuel parted from his Dissenting ancestry. He had many reasons for remaining with them, but, after calmly weighing the matter, he walked to Oxford, and, with forty-five shillings in his pocket, entered as "servitor" at Exeter College. By various industry—even by writing wretched poetry—he lived, and in five years he graduated with five times his entrance capital. He became a priest, chaplain of a man-of-war, then curate in London.

Susanna Annesley was of the noble house of the Earl of Anglesea. Her father was one of the noblest men of the day. He stood high with Cromwell, and "the men of religion" reckoned him "an Israelite indeed." DeFoe, who wrote "Robinson Crusoe," thought him a perfect man. Strong,





**"Brand Plucked From The Burning"**  
Rescue of John Wesley from the Fire, Feb. 9, 1709.





majestic, wealthy, and benevolent, he was a daily blessing to his brethren, who were, like himself, exiled for non-conformity and bore want and sick-



ness also. At his death they told of his good deeds, and the Countess of Anglesea wished burial in her kinsman's grave.

Susanna was the twenty-fourth of his children: she was mother of nineteen. How did these English families

replenish the earth! Sir Charles Lely painted her sister's portrait as a beauty of the time, but declared Susanna far more beautiful. At thirteen she had studied the controversies of the hour, and, rejecting the views for which her father had suffered, she made her home in the Church of England. Clear and deep must her convictions have been. On the whole, there was in her century no other such woman. One stands by her tomb in the heart of busy London, and, recalling England's heroines, feels rising to his lips, "Thou excellest them all!" and of worthies buried there, none is worthier.



## EPWORTH.

**T**HIS word, now abroad in all the world, stands for so much of character and movement as to claim large presentation. It sets before us a village of two thousand, no larger now than two hundred years ago, on a plain of forty square miles, once an island girted by five rivers, of which three have vanished. The old church, St. Andrew's, with its large square tower, commands the town and looks far over the levels, while in

the yard at its venerable base sleep many generations. Here, in 1697, came Samuel Wesley at thirty-one and Susanna at thirty. They had been married nine years; here for thirty-nine years was their home. They found a seven-room house built in three stories of timber and plaster, as is still seen in old English houses, of which some charred relics are still kept for memory. There were three acres, with garden and simple fixtures.

The premises are to-day in quiet beauty. The house, built after the burning of that which the Wesleys entered, is a goodly Queen Anne in style and of late much enlarged. The people were of the rudest. There was hot feud between Churchmen and Dissenters, between natives and Dutch families that came in under Cromwell, and the Rector bore the brunt of all their malice. They destroyed his crops, burned his house, imprisoned him for debt, worried him forty long years save one, yet he was steady in love and labor; among them he lived, died, was buried, and from his grave "he being dead yet speaketh."

The Epworth home was an isle of verdure and fragrance in a stormy sea. Mr. Wesley in his study gave himself to sermons and rhymes that he dreamed were poems. Out of the study, Mrs. Wesley was supreme, over even the grounds and finances. Order was her first law. Her child spent its first three months in sleep; then, by dint of rocking, it was made to sleep three hours in the morning and as long in the afternoon. After a year it slept no more in daytime. For five years the child had physical training, with control of its will and familiarity with the externals of devotion. At five began intellectual labor. One day, three hours of the morning and three of the afternoon, was given to the mystery of the alphabet. Then a chapter of Genesis was to be perfectly spelt and read, and so was made an effective entrance upon education. Then began their personal religious culture. "I discoursed every



night with each child by itself." Thursday evening was given to "Jacky" John, and it became to him a secondary Sabbath.

Ten children thus trained grew to maturity, and five of these were of notable gifts and graces. Samuel, the eldest, was (as in a Hebrew family) counted "the Lord's own." He had a brilliant career at Oxford, though he had never spoken until his fifth birthday, when the correctness of his utterances relieved his mother's fears for the quality of his mind. He became a teacher, but died before fifty, when John was about forming the first Methodist Society. Some masterly hymns of his enrich our standard collection. The daughters of the house were peers of their brothers as they grew in beauty by their side. Mehetable, liveliest of all, who read Greek at eight, married, breathed in verse her sorrows, but found comfort in the heavenly grace, and Charles at her funeral was sure that she had entered into rest. Martha, Mrs. Hall, shone through trials with a wretched husband. As years went on, she shared John's love and confidence and the homage of London society. "May you die the last of your kindred!" was a Roman curse. Mrs. Hall outlived the whole bright family of Epworth, but she saw all go down in peace, and some in splendor, to rise in the eternal morning. History tells of no other such household, and Mrs. Hall was happy in seeing all their lives and deaths.



## JOHN AND CHARLES IN THEIR YOUTH.

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**J**OHN (Benjamin) Wesley was born June 17, 1703, and entered on that course of training so wise, loving, and inflexible. At six he bore for his whole lifetime proof of its beneficial character. Mrs. Wesley "thoroughly conquered betimes" his will, that he might be "governed

by the piety and reason of his parents until his own understanding comes to maturity and the principles of religion have taken root in his mind." He learned to speak kindly to servants, to say "*Brother Charles,*" "*Sister Hetty,*" to keep the sense of truth and honor bright with all the household. Prayers and collects were early put on his lips; they early took root in his heart. His physical training was strictly maintained, and when at five he began his intellectual life, there was already in him that state of heart and frame that seemed so early to give the world assurance of a man.



SOUTH LEIGH CHURCH.

In London, at eleven of the ninth of February, 1750, at a watch-night, Wesley suddenly said: "Forty years ago this very day and hour I was taken out of the flames!" "The voice of praise and thanksgiving went up from the congregation." On that eventful night his father heard "Fire!" and Hetty ran to tell him that fire had fallen on her face. The house was in flames. All quickly escaped; only John was left asleep. Awaking amid smoke and flame, he climbed upon a chest to a window. His father, after frantic and fruitless efforts, knelt to pray. A light man sprang upon a strong man's shoulders, reached the window, and snatched the child just as the roof fell in. When the brave man brought the boy, the father cried, "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down, let us give thanks to God! He has given me my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough." In fifteen minutes all had gone. The boy, now at five









and a half, never forgot this night, and years after he set beneath his portrait the burning house and himself escaping, with the words, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" His after-life showed why! And now for a year the Epworth home was broken up. Kindly families took the children in; John went with the Rev. Mr. Hume, of the neighborhood. Mrs. Wesley had to begin quite anew her kindergarten work and recover her children from the damage wrought by dispersion, especially to their moral ideas and religious feelings. To John she was singularly drawn. "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, so mercifully provided for," and she breathed a prayer for grace to do it sincerely and prudently. Her success almost indicates that piety may come of wise and loving care, for at eight John was admitted to the Commandments. Thus even his early years were thoughtful and devout.



communion, and at ten he believed that he had not sinned away the washing of the Holy Ghost given him in baptism. He held to be saved by universal obedience to all

A new affluent joined in his ninth year this stream of tendency and added to its volume. His father being in London, and the curate who supplied being dry enough, preaching of nothing but the payment of debts, Mrs. Wesley began Sunday evening service with her own family. The neighbors begged to come, and soon forty were attending. Then more than two hundred were listening as she read choice sermons and gave personal advices, while no ears were quicker than John's. To him on Thursday evening she gave special care, forming his young judg-

ment on matters as to which (she could not see) he was to do so much towards forming the judgment of the world.

Here came on a pleasant controversy between Mr. and Mrs. Wesley. The curate, Inman, reported to Mr. Wesley (then at convocation in London) his wife's "irregularity," and he proposes that some other than a woman officiate. She answers: "Where is the harm of this?" Not a man could read without spelling; the slender voices of her boys could reach but few, and none outside the open doors and windows. But her congregations became larger than the curate's. This worthy then called them "conventicles," a name vile to a churchman's ears, and, with some men of influence, demanded of Mr. Wesley their suppression. Mrs. Wesley's conscience braced her courage. She would stop such gatherings for no man's grumbling. It was saving the common people from immorality; it was filling up the Epworth Church; some who for years had not been seen there were now in attendance. Yet she would obey if her husband and Rector would *command* her to desist, for he would then be responsible. Mr. Wesley heard the curate preach on the Nature of Faith, and the second sentence was: "It makes a man pay his debts as soon as he can"! "My case is lost," said he, and Mrs. Wesley went on with her labors.

Thus John Wesley had his early mind impressed with an object-lesson of conscience, loyalty, and zeal. His mother's heart was aflame with love for her poor neighbors; she would give of her best for their relief; but to the voice of law she would listen and church order she would not break. In these tempers the hearts of mother and son were fashioned alike.

The Epworth home seemed all at once to have other inmates than the Wesleys! Some one unseen rattled the windows, clashed metals,



and gave to song and speech deep accompaniments unknown to the art of music. It slammed doors, lifted latches, danced "as with shoes containing no feet." It thundered amen at prayers, and was furious if Mr. Wesley prayed for the king. It had self-respect, for if one called it a rat it burst into a storm of wrathful capers. Mr. Wesley it defied; Mrs. Wesley it obeyed as Ariel obeyed Prospero. It became an entertainment, blameless and harmless, and for two months enlivened in a merry way the Epworth home. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy!" The lad learned to believe in the fact of a spiritual world, but when others, as



BOCARD DEBTOR'S PRISON.

Dr. Johnson, were affected by such belief, he, without fear or care, let it alone. He believed in God; he knew his own calling, and to spirits of all sorts his word was, "What have I to do with thee?" This goblin in the house did the boy reasonable service.

And now the smallpox! Of every five persons born in England one died of this foul malady. Mrs. Montagu's inoculation was just come; Dr. Jenner's vaccination was a century behind. Five of the Epworth children were at one time ill with it. "Jacky," wrote his mother, "has borne the disease bravely, like a man; and, indeed, like a Christian." He looked sourly and silently at his sores, and his half-Spartan training in youthful self-control now served him well.

His life at Epworth soon closes; the fledgelings outgrow the nest. In thirty years from this date there was no Wesley at Epworth, only the father's tomb. At his last visit, nearly seventy years later than this,



Wesley says: "Taking a solitary walk in the churchyard, I felt the truth of 'one generation goeth and another generation cometh.' See how the earth drops its inhabitants as the tree drops its leaves!"



### SCHOOL DAYS.

AT ten and a half John Wesley went from Epworth to the Charter House School. A hundred years before this time, Sir Thomas Sutton, a merchant, proposing to devote his fortune to benevolence, had bought the Duke of Norfolk's London residence, Howard House, Aldersgate. This he had endowed as a hospital for the aged and a school for the young. The buildings are said to be now in removal, a historic loss, for in Wiclif's day they were built as a Chartreuse monastery, and here Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet had retreated from the world's cares. As a school, it has sheltered Addison, Grote, and Thackeray. Its boys usually number forty, while in the hospital are eighty gentlemen in poverty and decay. For all these the Sutton bounty, by that feature of English law by which one may safely endow a dog or a rookery, provides for now three hundred years an ample support.

In Wesley's day the big boys fagged the little ones with utter tyranny. They held the lads to hard service and took away their meat! "From ten to fourteen I had little but bread to eat, and little of that. This was so far from hurting me that I believe it laid the foundation of lasting health." Wesley was patient and cheerful. His personal beauty and ready wit and speech made him the delight of the younger boys, and they even preferred his harangues to their games and play. Samuel, the

elder brother, had at this time come from Oxford to be usher at the Westminster School. With him John spent an occasional interval, and Samuel writes to their father: "Jacky is a brave boy, giving you no discouragement; learning Hebrew as fast as he can." In two years Charles came to Westminster, and so for four years the three brothers were in London together. The Duke of Buckingham, who had appointed John to the Charter House (as our boys are appointed to West Point or Annapolis), had no occasion to regret his friendship for the family. The Faculty of the school paid him their highest compliment when, in his seventeenth year, they chose him to represent them as student at Christ Church College, Oxford, thus giving him the best educational opportunity in England. All his life he loved the school that so honored him, and for nearly seventy years he took through its grounds a tour of reverence and affection. Forty years later he says: "The school-boys look so little! Yet I myself was little when in school, and the upper boys, being taller and bigger than I, seemed very tall and big." Alas! he at school declined from the piety that he gained at his mother's knee. "I was negligent of outward duties and guilty of outward sins. I hoped to be saved by not being so bad as others, by having a kindness for religion, and by reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers." His reading the Bible was his anchor, but where was "universal obedience"?



### WESLEY AT OXFORD.

HE entered Christ Church, the college founded by Cardinal Wolsey, from which his brother Samuel had graduated. From the funds of Charter House he had forty pounds a year, a support ample for the

times, and he gratified his patrons by quickly coming to the front. He showed "the finest classical taste, the most liberal and manly sentiments." He was gay and sprightly, of polished wit and winning manners. Already he was writing poetry, and his father, seeing in his son the gift for which himself had longed in vain, urged him "not to bury his talent." His health was not good and he was always beyond his income, coming to deficits which his friends were poorly able to make good. He took matters cheerfully; "I am pretty safe from robbers!" At Oxford he found himself with no sense of inward holiness, but he did not depart from the habits of formal devotion in which he had been trained. He had "transient fits of what is called repentance." The college porter was thanking God for "a heart to love Him and a desire to serve Him." Wesley felt that the lowly man had something which himself was lacking. In his fifth year at college his searchings of heart began, and he proposed to enter the clerical calling. His mother was glad, though his father preferred that he devote himself to critical learning. Yet he gave his son salutary counsel: "Your motive must be the glory of God and the edification of your neighbor." "The best commentary on the Bible is the Bible itself." Now, too, he found a pious man, whose name he does not give, who helped him towards the life that he was seeking. In his fifth collegiate year, attending the funeral of a young lady at St. Mary's, he met an intimate friend, who, like himself, was touched at the sad event. He begged to be allowed to do this man "the greatest possible kindness by bringing him to Christ, as we both will know when we follow that young woman." The friend yielded, and, dying eighteen months after, requested Wesley to preach at his funeral. He was Wesley's first convert, leading what a train! How, like the milky way in the sky of June, have the many whom he turned to righteousness followed him as their



bright particular star, reflecting on them the beams of the Sun Eternal!

In September of this year the Bishop of Oxford ordained him deacon, and three years later, priest in the cathedral of his college. "Do you know," asked his examiner, "that he who would live a Christian priest must expect every man's hand to be against him?" A prophecy coming true in Wesley's own life!

The Archbishop of Canterbury said to him, "Do not waste time and strength on things of a disputable nature. Testify against open vice; promote real holiness;" advice which Wesley illustrated when he declared his errand to be "to spread scriptural holiness throughout these lands." At South Leigh, a little village, he preached in October the first of his forty thousand sermons. Forty-six years later he preached at the same place, and one hearer of the former sermon was present at the latter. His next was at the funeral of an Epworth boy. "The child is dead; wherefore should I weep?" was his text. His career as preacher was now fairly begun. His father wrote him "nought else but blessing," reminding him that "our Master endured something more than being laughed at on His way to glory, and unless we track His steps, in vain do we hope to share that glory."

This twenty-third year of his saw his highest academic honor. How enduring for good are benefactions to seats of learning! As Christ Church College outlived Wolsey and the frost that nipped his fortunes, and now, beyond its three hundredth year, is green with fragrant verdure, so Lincoln College, founded by William, Bishop of Lincoln, unweakened by time, still diffuses its blessings. It supported twelve Fellows, who gave themselves to liberal study, and Wesley was unanimously chosen to their number. His energy of mind was already remarkable. His skill in logic was universally admired; he became lecturer in Greek and man-

ager of the classes, and many other services were crowded upon him, and he early seemed the luminous center of Lincoln. "Wesley's Room" and "Wesley's Vine," climbing its window, are still shown the reverent visitor. Here he took the motto, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged me." He became Master of Arts in 1727, after seven years of residence.

Now he framed that system of life, physical, intellectual, and religious, which, like Mozart's Workshop of Genius, gave him for sixty years his wonderful power of achievement. Self-control had come to him from his mother's training; his own conscious will now uses it. In four days he changed his hour of rising from seven to four, and after sixty years he rose at four, never losing a quarter of an hour's sleep in a month. When specially weary he could take ten minutes' sleep as readily as one takes a glass of water, and it was his "chief nourisher at life's feast." In all matters of diet he was equally resolute. He would not eat between meals. If offered fruit or the like, "Thank you, I will think of it," was his answer. In study he had already found that many things, though true, are not worth knowing, but, with a memory like Macaulay's and great industry, he grasped widely and was rapidly becoming one of the lords of the human mind. He was fond comrade with Euclid and Newton; he anticipated something of modern science.

Going to his new place in Lincoln College, he set himself to become a real Christian. He found for this a help in the fact that he knew "not one person" in Lincoln, and he determined to give no time to company that would not "help him on his way to heaven." From this rule he departed only when he could help others on that way, and this, indeed, might be called a mode of really helping himself.

Suddenly now he left Oxford, and for two years was helper to his father at Epworth. Wroote, a dull hamlet with people rude and dull, amid the bogs five miles from Epworth, became his home. He could visit his father only by boat through the swampy channels, and the ague, native to the place, completed his discomfort. "I saw no fruit of my labor." He later knew why. He took it for granted that the people were believers, needing no repentance, brutal as they were, and "I laid no foundation of repentance or believing in Christ." His slight healing, though well meant, healed nobody. Dr. Morley, Rector of Lincoln College, now recalled Wesley, and he returned to enter on his career as Methodist. Meanwhile, as John left Christ Church for Lincoln, Charles, five years younger, had come to the vacant place. His school days under his brother Samuel had made Charles a High Churchman. He was well trained, but, having more money than John, he meant to have a better time. "What! would you have me be a saint all at once?" was his answer when John spoke to him of religion. But life soon assumed for him a deeper meaning.



#### METHODISM'S MORNING AT OXFORD.

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**W**HILE Wesley was with the agues and barbarisms of Wroote, Charles and three or four others had formed a group for the promotion of piety, and of this he became the natural leader. He was beyond the others in learning, experience, and collegiate position; he was active, steady, and discreet, without passion, humor, or self-confidence; he had unconsciously the air of one born to command, softened though



it was by gentleness and courtesy. The warmest heart among them was William Morgan, an Irishman, who first opened and led their way to works of love and charity. He, with noble longings for human welfare, was the first to enter into rest and leave to others his poor, his sick, and his prisoners. Others of the society came to good report in later service. A gentleman of Christ Church, noticing the exact system on which these men lived, called out, "Here is a new sect of *Methodists* sprung up!" The name, quaint and lightly given, was good and came to stay, though Wesley kindly aided him that gave it and showed him that the "new sect" were neither queer nor narrow. The name had once been worn by a school of physicians, who would cure all maladies by a regimen of diet and exercise. It had been given to some Non-conformist divines of "most straitest" views. Henceforth it takes a sense worldwide, earnest, and refreshing. "The Holy Club" was at first the frequent name and Wesley was called its "Father." Its four members (at the first year's end there were but five) spent their evenings in reading, prayer, and discussion, and they seem to have set some brief religious exercise on each of their waking hours.

Yet these were not the men to cultivate piety for its own sake or to gather the fruits of righteousness for their own consumption. Bartholomew's Day (of dreadful memory in France) was, in 1730, a morning of heaven's own dew in England. That day Morgan led the Holy Club to the Oxford prison, to a man soon to hang for wife-murder, to felons of various guilt, to debtors in pitiless misery. It was as if a new gate of mercy had opened on mankind. They now visited the prison twice a week, and planned to visit the sick of the neighborhood unless the parish ministers should oppose. The heart of the Rector of Epworth warmed into gladness as tidings of this came to his ears. "I bless God that He

has given me two sons to war against the world and the devil!" "Go on in God's name! My heart and prayers are with you."

Now appears upon the scene the greatest orator of the century, whose lips, "wet with Castalian dew," were to speak the mind of God to man as none ever spoke it before or since. Whitefield, born at Bristol, was ten years younger than Wesley. His surroundings were vicious. "From my cradle to my manhood I can see nothing in myself but a fitness to be damned." At fifteen, when with "blue apron and snuffers" he was waiter in a hotel, Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" came to his hand. It stirred his heart: he became devout, and even made, while yet a waiter, some religious discourses. Longing for education, he went to Oxford as servant to other students. No monk of old was ever more severe than he in every rigor of self-denial and godly exercise, but "I knew no more that I was to be born a new creature in Christ Jesus than if I was never born at all." For a year at Oxford he did not meet the Methodists, though he "loved them," defended them, and longed to be with them. At last he was introduced to Charles, and their hearts at once were kindred. The poetic and the oratorical tempers are closely neighboring, and the greatest Christian orator and the greatest Christian poet, like drops of water, mingled into one. Whitefield was at home in all the ways of the Holy Club. "They built me up daily."

About this time new perils arose. The average life of the University, as of all England, was ungodly. The gentry were dissipated; the lower classes brutal; the learned unbelieving. Whitefield, and not he alone, inclined to Mysticism, the temper that goes quietly away from the world and cultivates its own inner self. He walked in the fields and prayed apart and silently. From this barren life Wesley summoned him as with a trumpet call. "I was delivered from those wiles of Satan."



The work of the Holy Club went on, both in the Bocardo, where debtors were confined, and in the Castle, the prison of criminals, as among the sick and poor of Oxford and its surroundings.

Wesley was becoming an itinerant. He and Charles went on foot to many a place of service, to Epworth even, and in one year he



rode more than a thousand miles, reading as he rode. In the next fifty years his journeys as preacher covered a quarter of a million of miles. Thus was preparing in Oxford a company of young men, really three, since the Wesleys and Whitefield are the great figures on the field, in whom Divine Providence was to energize for the renewal of the Church and the rescue of society.

Epworth once more comes in view. The aged Rector was anxious that the home of forty years should remain in the family. He was anxious for the people whom he had loved, and he dreaded lest some rude or careless hand, some unloving temper, should mar the vineyard that he had cherished. The people had "great love and longing for John." The eldest brother joined in the effort at persuasion. John's answer is remarkable. It is not merely that his engagements at Oxford were great and growing and congenial, but "the care of two thousand souls at Epworth would crush me"! This from the man for whom soon the world was none too wide! He thought he could not in a parish home resist for a month intemperance in sleeping, eating, and drinking, irregularity in study, and general "softness and self-indulgence." Yet he carried his self-denial with no jot abated through every shifting of his



varied life. In the April of 1735 Samuel Wesley died, after thirty-nine years of service at Epworth. Among his words of comfort to his family were these, as he laid his hands on Charles's head: "Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not." To his daughter Emily his word was, "Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family." And so, with a comfortable "inward witness" of acceptance in Christ, he at sunset passed through glory's morning gate and walked in Paradise. The Epworth home was broken. Soon, too, the home of kindred souls at Oxford was broken.



## GEORGIA.

IN 1732 George II. by charter created a colony between Florida and the Carolinas. He had done this at the request of General Oglethorpe, a humane and gifted man, who meant it for the home of the poor, the debtors, and the hopeless. The next year saw the coming of its first colonists with General Oglethorpe as Governor. Dr. Burton, of Oxford, was a trustee of the colony, and he urged Wesley to found there a mission. Wesley was perplexed. His mother's word was, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice were they all so employed!" The work of the Gospel, far from the world's vanities, seemed to himself attractive, and he agreed to go, at the sending of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on an errand that was to fail of its direct purpose, but to have in its failure a strange and golden profit. Charles went as

the Governor's secretary. Benjamin Ingham went at Wesley's request; one Delamotte went from a passionate love of Wesley. The Holy Club now vanishes from Oxford. The others (save Whitefield) drift into the dim unknown, and so might the Wesleys seem to do when, October 21st, they steered from Gravesend for the boundless main.



THE STORM AT SEA.

The voyage saw in them no idleness. The *Simmonds*, their ship, had over a hundred colonists, and the Governor treated his missionaries with every possible regard. On board were twenty-six Moravians with their bishop, and Wesley began the study of German to converse with them. The ship was for three months his Oxford. Duties were timed as carefully; prayer, study, and religious converse were as faithfully done as at the University, and at night the Master gave His servants sleep like His own on the waves of Galilee. Many a storm broke over the vessel, and once the ship seemed likely to go to the bottom. The English were in a panic, but the Germans were calm. "Amid the storm they sang." "Were you not afraid?" was his question. One said, "No, I thank God." "But were not your women and children?" "No; our women and children are not afraid to die." Wesley laid this on his own heart and on his crying, trembling English neighbors. Here was what neither he nor they had attained. After landing he consulted a Moravian minister, Spangenberg, as to plans of labor. "I must first ask you," said this man, "have you the witness in yourself that you are a child of God?"



Surprised, Wesley could not answer. "Do you know Jesus Christ?" "I know that He is the Savior of the world," said Wesley. "True; but do you know that He has saved *you*?" "I hope He has died to save me." Wesley feared his own answers were "mere words." He had never seen the like of this Moravian piety. These people "adorned the Gospel of our Lord in all things." The simplicity and solemnity of their exercises, under their bishop or pastor, recalled the early Church, where a fisherman or a tentmaker presided with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Wesley found his home on a charming bend of the river, still bearing the name Savannah. It then had five hundred people. His coming created attention. An intended dancing party was given up for his first sermon, and he found almost the gold and apparel of a London congregation. Charles went to Fredrica, a hundred miles to the south, a place of malice and slander, of ungodliness and opposition that well-nigh broke his heart. His life was in peril; weary and baffled, he in August sailed for England. John went to Fredrica, but could do nothing.

At Savannah the beginning was fair. His "objective" was a mission to the Indians, and he longed to stand beneath their live-oaks and tell them of the Savior. But his official place was Savannah, and the settlers begged him not to leave them. Delamotte had begun a school with a few orphans; it was now of forty, and he was as faithful in prayers and catechism as in reading and accounts. Wesley, learning that scholars with shoes and stockings despised the destitute, took for a week the teacher's place in bare feet! So unconscious was his air and so close his work that he cured all vanity. Religious thought and feeling prevailed and the settlement began to show the divine favor. Wesley had service in French, German, and Italian, and was in the fullness of Chris-



tian and churchly labor. "I had ease, honor, and abundance, as I neither wished nor expected in America." Now came a bitter experience. Oglethorpe was wishing Wesley to marry and remain at Savannah. His chief agent, Causton, had a niece, beautiful, elegant in manners, and intelligent. Wesley made her acquaintance, but she soon went to Fredrica. He there saw her in dreary mood, comfortless in piety, and bent on returning to England. He remembered his sacred calling, and explained to her the calls and consolations of religion. Confidence grew between them; she encouraged him in his trials at Fredrica, and when they returned by the same boat to Savannah he found the six-days passage slow but "not tedious"! The lady, Sophy Hopkey, was often in his company; she cared for him in a five-days illness (from eating flesh at Oglethorpe's table and desire); she dressed after, as she supposed, his taste; she followed his advice in diet. Wesley was deeply impressed, and their marriage seemed not improbable. Then misgivings arose in his own mind, not as to her merit, but her fitness to his life and work. The matter was frankly laid before the Moravian elders, and their calm, prayerful advice was that he "proceed no farther in this business." "The will of the Lord be done!" said Wesley. A month later the lady married a wealthy settler, and "my friend performed what I could not" (the wedding rite). Wesley's sorrow was, forty-nine years later, still fresh. "I was pierced through as with a sword, but my comfort was that He who made the heart can heal the heart. With such a companion I might have set up my rest in this world and forgotten the work for which I was born." So was the desire of his eyes taken away with a stroke. His enforcement of the church rubric as to the sacraments brought such a storm of trouble that he now decided to return to England. His experience in Georgia had been valuable. In perfect health, he had preached

# ART GLIMPSES OF METHODISM.

## PROSPECTUS.

**T**HE aim of this work is to give such an account of Methodism as will, while the world stands, be of value to those interested in the welfare of the human race. It proposes to tell, with reasonable brevity, the rise and progress of a development of Christianity the greatest in modern time, if not in all time, since the Dispensation began, which can never lose its charm, whether as a historical or a religious movement. It is a history of love energized from on high, of exertion the most intense possible to human faculties, attended with patience, courage, and self-sacrifice, such as the behavior of men never continuously exhibits, and, indeed, never attains unless by a power in men, but not of men, that makes for heroism. Such a record the Christian world cannot too well or too often ponder; can never willingly let die; it is forever a treasure and a joy.

This volume shows the movement as it centered at Epworth and Oxford, in hearts that can be counted on the fingers of one hand; then, how it radiated over England and the British Empire. Preliminary to this, it shows the efforts of men stirring for a like purpose in earlier English days, and especially the struggles of the century next preceding Methodism, struggles in which Wesley's ancestors took their share. Then follows an account of those ancestors on both the father's side and the mother's, and of the home and training of the bright family at Epworth.

Dropping nearly from view the other members of the family, the volume traces the course of John and Charles at school and college, the forming and working of the Holy Club, and the rise above the horizon of Whitefield, whose name from the beginning until now is highest in the records of sacred eloquence. We shall see what darkness was upon England, and how upon its chilling gloom star after star arose and shone, and at last a morning glow of life tinges the land, is the burden of the following numbers.

The Wesleys and Whitefield, the Countess of Huntingdon, and the helpers that rose at their side; the plans of these, their high-hearted temper, their struggles, their heroisms, and their victories—all these are like the changeful excitements of a wide battle-field, and in these, as in the myths of the Greek heroes, the divine takes part in the strife and



*ART GLIMPSES OF METHODISM.*

makes sure the victory. Deeds of daring and suffering fill the pages, while love and truth brighten the story.

We see the usages and institutions of Methodism come each to its place as quietly and naturally as leaves come to the trees in spring-time, and a Church inside of the great English national Church is formed before one is hardly aware of the forming process. Then comes expansion. There is a movement to occupy the whole world, for it is the founder's parish. From Wales, now made a better land than its bards and Druids ever saw, the revival enters fair France. It touches with light Africa, western and southern; it reaches the South Seas and plants itself on the Sixth Continent, Australia. Cannibals become Christians, and tribes marked by every horror of conduct become clean, generous, and affectionate.

This newness of life, thus spreading over England and touching the ends of the earth, is spangled with personal characters as the sky is spangled with stars. On every page of this volume will appear some one whose life is itself a treasure. We shall never tire of gazing at John Wesley, who leads the march; at Whitefield, whose voice calls like a silver trumpet; at Charles Wesley, cheering it with soul-animating song; at Mrs. Wesley, Lady Huntingdon, Mrs. Fletcher, who shed upon it the tender grace of womanhood.

This volume gives all of English Methodism that the American Methodist or the American Christian needs to know. It brings the record down to our own day, not in fullness of detail, but in clear outline and with contents carefully digested.

Every important person, every significant movement is given in true historical harmony, and the narrative is enlivened with incident and anecdote illustrative of the people and their times. These the volume traces through nearly two centuries. The leaven of the Wesleyan revival has been working in England about a hundred and sixty years. It was working in Epworth parsonage a generation earlier. It works to-day with unwearied energy. The history of its working is as worthy of reading as is any part of the annals of Christianity or of mankind. That history this volume aims to give in a style—

“ Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong, without rage ; without overflowing, full.”

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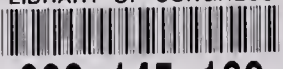










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